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THE CHILDREN'S PLEA

WILLIAM E. FREELAND

I wish that everyone might read "I Go and See" in the Ladies Home Journal for January from which part of the facts related below are drawn.

On a hillside in one of the desolated parts of France where the Germans have chopped down every tree, torn down every house, defiled everything in fact but the pure blue of the sky which refuses to carry the scars of their outrages, is a little cemetery containing several hundred wooden crosses. These mark the final resting place of the little French children whose bodies were picked up along the road over which the sorrowing French mothers were driven when the Germans were forced to leave the village last March.

I shall not venture to dwell on the cold-blooded tortures the brutal Huns had inflicted on the helpless old men, women and children during the three years they had held this town. Finally the pressure of the French and English armies became such that the kaiser had to retreat. All the inhabitants, sick, or well, were told they must leave within two hours as the town would be destroyed. Every man, woman and child was made to march out of the town; those between the ages of six and sixteen were forced to march twenty miles and take trains to Germany to work as slaves making ammunition to kill their own people.

Old men who ventured to plead for the helpless woman and children were instantly shot. Mothers with babes in arms and little children too young to walk, were forced out upon the muddy roads by the brutal German soldiers. Mothers tied their young and helpless children to their clothing and struggled on until the little ones fell by the wayside and were kicked into the ditches by the heartless troops of the kaiser. There these little ones were found when the French army arrived, their little bodies lying in the cold mud, their hands outstretched as they had held them toward their mothers when they fell, even in death offering a mute prayer for help. The French buried them with their arms still outstretched leaving them to continue in their sleep of death their prayer for help that was so cruelly denied while they yet lived. All along that road were found the bodies of babies, of little children, of women, driven until strength failed and then kicked aside. The time has come when we must speak as much of the truth as the English language and common decency will permit us to relate. Many of the outrages are too foul to be mentioned even in whispers.

Along that muddy roadway struggled many a French mother striving with her last failing strength to save the children of her love for a father who, if still living, was somewhere in France fighting to save the world,—America included,—while beneath her heart quickened a burden that shall make the German name and the German race odious and despised for all time. We have kept in mind our natural reticence in such things but when one hospital holds over one thousand French girls who are about to become mothers by German fathers it is time to speak. Eleven per cent of these victims are arriving mad.

For a long time we could not believe many of these atrocities but having heard them from Americans who like ourselves did not believe until the evidence became absolute we can not doubt.

Now when the kaiser seeing the game turning against him speaks of peace, picture your own little ones struggling along the muddy roadway in the cold March wind tied to their mother's clothing while she, weak from three years of brutality, struggles on carrying her terrible burden, striving with only the desperate courage that the mother live can know, to save them for another hour of life. See the weaker one as it stumbles, falls, rises and then overcome with utter weariness sinks to the hungry ground its last strength gone. See the rough

hand of the German soldier tear away the mother's clutch and his heavy boot kick the quivering body into the ditch while his bayonet drives the mother on. Picture those little hands upstretched in piteous appeal for help. See the last child, a little stronger, struggle on until the power to move its poor tired legs has gone and it too sinks wearily to the ground. Watch the brutal Prussian tread its head into the mud to stifle its last poor wail,—but the outstretched hands plead still and the mother staggers towards the little body brushes past a Prussian officer who coldly runs his sword through her and passes on leaving her to gasp her life away beside her child. Think of the fair young girl driven to Germany and forced to work as a slave to make ammunition to kill her own people and finally to clasp to her breast a child she can neither hate nor love. Have such things happened?—yes a thousand times where ever the brutal hordes of the kaiser have trod. Remember that it was a German official who, speaking to an American coldly said that by such brutalities would Germany destroy the people of Belgium and France and make more room for the Germans when the war was over. Let us treasure these things in our hearts "Last we forget."

While such barbarities were happening at one place in France the second son of the kaiser for ten days viewed with unfeeling heart the miserable butchery. Not even the timber of France was good enough for his royal whim so that this had to be brought from Germany and a lodge constructed on the highest hill for him to overlook the misery his Huns were causing. Large tracts of woods were felled because they obstructed his view. Hardly can we believe that one who could coldly view the scene of such brutality was of woman born. But it is so, thus does the teaching of the kaiser debase men. This is the way Germany wages war. This is the fate she coldly plotted for Belgium, for France, for England and finally for us. Germany planned that everyone in the world should be her slaves. Only the courage of the men of France and of England has saved our homes from outrage, our land from desolation. And now behind the guns of the English ships that in light and darkness, in storm and calm plow the troubled deep searching for the murderers that lurk beneath the waves we forge our swords in safety. But for this our liberty would have been gone. Let us remember this and be thankful that some nations had men for leaders who to quote the clear visioned words of Col. Roosevelt "Were wise in time." For three years and more they have protected our wives, our children, while we grew fat on the blood of our defenders.

With the wild beasts of the jungle there can be no peace. When the man-eating tiger begins to carry off women and children from the villages there is but one way to peace, desroy him. We have no desire to destroy the German people but we must destroy the thing they stand for and if they will not let us, if they choose to go down with the monster that now speaks and acts for them, it is not our fault. They have been accessories to the brutal deeds, they can not escape some of the penalties. Until the beast lies dead there must be no thought of peace. Now that the hunters are up and armed he cries, let the bloodshed stop. Is it because he is suddenly sick of blood? No, he sees that if the hunters can not be called off that his end will come. Remember this when the kaiser talks peace. It now appears that ignorant Russia has been betrayed to death. Let our motto be,—Carry on,—kaiserism must be destroyed. When Prussianism stretches out the olive branch let our thoughts turn to the little children in France. Wait till these lips speak before we answer except with the sword.

The manufacture and consumption of pastry regarded as a luxury in France has been entirely suppressed, except on Sundays and holidays.

Thrift Stamp

In times war
They bor us for
The necessary cash,
To land upon
The warlike Hun
And deal the fatal smash.

And it is right;
To win the fight
We've got to have the dough,
And those who stay
Will have to pay
For those who have to go.

So buy Thrift Stamps
And put the clamps
Upon the German horde;
We'll surely win
If you kick in—
Buy all you can afford.

We have no chance
To go to France
And help the boys to win;
But we are proud
To be allowed
Our money to chip in.

The boys who fight
Have every right
To look to us to pay;
They bear the brunt,
So do your stunt,
And buy Thrift Stamps today.

—L. C. Davis, in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

J. N. Parrish

John H. Parrish was born in Polk county, near Bolivar, Missouri, July 25, 1848, and died at his residence at Forsyth, January 10, 1918. Mr. Parrish came to Taney County with his parents about 1862, and has resided in this county ever since.

Mr. Parrish was identified with the mercantile business for thirty years, retiring from business over four years ago. He has been connected with the Taney County Bank of Forsyth since it was established, first as one of the directors, and later as vice-president for a number of years, and later as president of this institution at the time of his death.

In 1870, Mr. Parrish was married to Sarah Adeline Ethridge, and they had six children, all but Letitia, now Mrs. Jesse Tolerton, of Springfield, dying in infancy. His wife died in 1880, and on December 22, 1883, Mr. Parrish was united in marriage to Sarah Smithson, who with his daughter, Mrs. Tolerton, survive him.

Mr. Parrish united with the Christian Church some twenty years ago, and maintained his membership with this organization as long as the organization existed in Forsyth.

Mr. Parrish was a leading member of the Masonic order of Forsyth and was Master of the lodge at his death. The Masonic brethren had charge of the funeral services at the grave.

Besides the widow and daughter, Mr. Parrish is survived by four brothers, J. C., and A. L. Parrish of this place, Ir. Parrish of Pleasant Hope, Mo., and Landon Parrish of Halfway, Mo.

Mr. Parrish was well known over the county, and also had many friends at Springfield, Mo. The many friends feel the loss to the county and community, and the Republican extends its condolences to the family.

According to records of the selective service, country boys do not show much physical superiority over those of the cities. For purpose of comparison selection was made of cities of 40,000 to 500,000 population, and a corresponding set of counties of same total size. In the physical examinations 28.47 per cent of the city boys were rejected, as against 27.96 per cent of country boys.

J. M. Parnell

The subject of this sketch was born in Kentucky in 1848, but while a child his parents settled near Yellville, Ark. Here he grew to manhood and married. To this union fourteen children were born, of whom ten sons and two daughters survive him. His wife died about ten years ago, and a year or two later he married Mrs. Bertie Vaughan, of Omaha, Ark., who survives him.

Mr. Parnell stayed in Arkansas, engaged principally in farming, until 1895, when he came to Kirbyville, in this county, and established a general store, which he, and afterward his sons, conducted for 18 years. But the call of the soil was audible to Uncle Jimmie, and after a year or two of merchandising, he bought a large farm a short distance south of Kirbyville, where he resided, leaving the store mostly to the care of the boys. About ten years ago he went to Branson, where he has since lived. He has not been in active business for five or six years, but kept up his interest in life and was an active worker in the good roads movement.

Some five years ago Uncle Jimmie, who had never had any leaning that way, decided to see if there was any fun in fishing. The virus took beautifully, and since then he has been about the most devoted fisherman on Lake Taneycomo.

He died in a Springfield hospital on January 8, 1918. The body was brought to Branson and the funeral service was held at his home, conducted by Rev. Reynolds of Hollister. Burial was in the family lot in the Edwards cemetery, east of Kirbyville.

Of his children, Sam T., Albert, Dave and Homer, of Branson, and Mrs. Ollie Cheney of Kirbyville, still live in this county.

A fireproof solution for treating airplane fabrics is a thing which may be realized in the near future, experiments in a private plant having already developed a comparatively successful solution.

Boys' and girls' clubs in northern and western states pledged for war service in gardening, canning, poultry raising, and other emergency enterprises, have more than 800,000 members.

THE PRESIDENT AND LLOYD GEORGE

WILLIAM E. FREELAND

In a free government there must not only be a devoted loyalty to the chosen leaders of the nation but there must be constructive and sympathetic criticism. Great leaders welcome it, only autocrats are offended by frankness. The best friend a man has is the one who thinks enough of him to point out his limitations. All Americans have read with pride the excellent series of state papers that have been written by the president since the beginning of the war with Germany. Whatever may have been lacking in vigor was overlooked in admiration of his beautiful diction and high ideal. It now happens there has been issued on the same subject and almost under the same conditions a paper by our president and one by the prime minister of England. Essentially those papers stated the same things and a casual reading might leave one with the impression that there is no essential difference in the two papers. So far as purpose goes a more careful study will convince the reader the purposes of the two men are identical. However that careful reading will reveal very essential differences in the temperaments of the two men that Americans must take into account for it may possibly have very vital bearings on the future of the world, since, when the final peace proposal is accepted or rejected by those allied against Germany it is more than likely that the president and the prime minister will have the deciding voice. These two men will more and more become the spokesman of the peoples who stand for justice and liberty in the world.

It is not wholly by accident that the president takes an optimistic view of the Russian Chaos while the English minister is frankly pessimistic. Americans have a feeling of affectionate regard for the high—yes, beautiful—ideals of President Wilson. His unshaken faith in the final ability of even the most ignorant people to work out an orderly and free government commands our respect even though it does not convince us. A man who during the period of debased anarchy could speak of the "Spiritual Kinship" between the Mexican peons and the Americans showed a faith in his ideals that is unshakable. Therefore it is natural that he should still believe in the Russians. Fundamentally his faith in the Russians is correct. Last fall in writing for the Republican on the "Russian Enigma" I mentioned the fact that the Russians are idealists. The wonderful things they would reach inspire the president with admiration and with affectionate regard. He has a sympathetic understanding of their aspirations and his own wonderful passion for the ideal draws him to them almost as danger draws a mother to her helpless child.

The English minister is an idealist also but he has no illusions. There is no polished beauty to his speeches, they are blunt, straight from the shoulder and strike fire with every phrase. Lloyd George believes that the world should be free. He knows that some where beyond the icy mountains and the desert sands is a land of peace and happiness where the sun brings joy and gladness and the birds sing sweetly to the races who live in perpetual peace and are ruled by perfect justice. He knows this but just now he has not time to think of it. Between that land and free men stands a horde of human tigers armed with the most devilish weapons that ingenious fiends have been able to produce. He knows that unless these tigers are beaten and caged—destroyed if necessary—that free men will never see that land of promise. So he turns all that terrible energy to the forging of weapons of equal deadliness to oppose the worst enemy to liberty that has arisen since the Huns of old swept over Europe. The English minister's words are a call to battle for justice and make men wish

to seize the weapon nearest, to hand to hand to avenge outraged humanity. The president's speech convinces us that we are fighting a just cause, lifts us up with an inspiration to endure with a martyr's devotion but it fails to stir the blood. In the ecstasy of sublime devotion to the beautiful ideal we may fail to think of the thrice armed foe that bars the way to that ideal. Let us remember this. All that the tiger respects is the driving power of his opponent, not the fine justice that opponent stands for. There is just the possibility that if we are not careful we may fail to understand the practical needs of the case. The kaiser knows exactly what he wants and how to get it. We know what we want but so far we have shown ourselves hopelessly unable to prepare to achieve our ideals. It must become the duty of the most humble American to add the weight of his purpose to see that the president in the great hour of his trial shall not be a victim of the limitations imposed by the very greatness of his character. Particularly is there danger that he may not be able to surround himself with the very best and most efficient men needed to turn the great organizations of this country to war purposes. The recent investigations in Congress seem to indicate that we have not had in responsible places men able to achieve the greatest success.

When the deadly crisis threatened the world England turned to Lloyd George. It was his relentless energy, the driving power of his resolve that turned the tight little island overnight into the greatest arsenal in the world with the result that today England presents to the kaiser a wall of steel against which he beats in vain. Let the determined resolve of every American citizen back up the sublime ideals of our president to the end that this nation go forth fully armed to make those ideals sure.

Interest in Beekeeping Grows

Sugar shortages have taught a greater appreciation of the honey bee. The beekeeping industry is increasing, and amateurs are seeking more information on efficient management of their apiaries. Persons who are interested in beekeeping will be able to obtain many valuable suggestions during Farmers' Week at Columbia, January 14 to 18.

A special course in bee management will be offered. Some of the subjects that will be discussed are wintering bees, queen rearing, extension beekeeping, fruit growing and bees, spraying and bees, commercial beekeeping, extracted versus comb honey, commercial production of honey comb, shipping and marketing honey, Missouri honey plants, using honey to save sugar, the chemistry of honey, the anatomy of the honey bee, thirty-three years in beekeeping, history of Missouri beekeeping, Missouri beekeepers, beekeeping in Japan, farm beekeeping and some adventures in beekeeping. Demonstrations in handling live bees under screen and in using various kinds of bee equipment will be given.

According to Prediction

The Federal Farm Loan system finds itself in straits much earlier than any of its critics had anticipated. Confronted with a falling market for its own bonds and lacking the services of the underwriting syndicate which had at first come to its relief, the Board has, nevertheless, gone ahead making engagements to furnish money to farmers without knowing where the funds were to come from. In this plight, the natural haven of refuge for a perplexed governmental institution is Congress; and to Congress the Board has gone, asking that the government shall buy its bonds at the tune of a hundred million a year to enable it to make good its word to the farmers to whom loans have been promised. The Farm Loan Board has followed the historic example of Daniel Webster in drawing his will. Friends having promised the great statesman sums of money, he took pains to make bequests in equally large amounts.